

The Tragedie

Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

King. My fathers death.

Qu. Thy selfe hath that dishonord.

King. Then by my selfe.

Qu. Thy selfe, thy selfe misuseth.

King. Why, then by God.

Qu. Gods wrong is most of all:

If thou hadst feard, to breake an oath by him,
The vnitie the King my brother made,
Had not beene broken, nor my brother slaine.
If thou hadst feard to breake an oath by him,
The emperiall mettel circling now thy brow,
Had graft the tender temples of my childe,
And both the Princes had beene breathing here,
Which now two tender play-fellowes for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a praye for wormes.

King. By the time to come.

Qu. That thou hast wrongd in time orepast,
For I my selfe haue many teares to wash
Hereafter time for time, by thee past wrongd,
The children liue, whose parents thou hast slaughterd,
Vngouernd youth, to waile it with their age.
The parents liue whose children thou hast butcherd,
Old withered plants to waile it with their age:
Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misused, care vsed, by time misused orepast.

King. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt,
Of hostile armes, my selfe my selfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
Be opposite, all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated deuotion, holy thoughts,
I render not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her consists my happinesse and thine,
Without her, followes to this land and me,
To thee, her selfe, and many a Christian soule,
Sad desolation, ruine and decay,
It cannot be auoided but by this:
It will not be auoided but by this:

of Richard

Therefore good mother (I must
Be the attorney of my loue to he
Pleade what I will be, not what I
Not by deserts, but what I will de
Vrge the necessitie and state of ti
And be not peeuisli fond in great

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the

King. I, if the diuell tempt the

Qu. Shall I forget my selfe to

King. I, if your selves rememb

Qu. But thou didst kill my ch

King. But in your daughters w
Where in that nest of spicerie the
Selves of themselves to your reco

Qu. Shall I go win my daugh

King. And be a happy mothe

Qu. I go, write to me very sho

King. Beare her my true loue
Relenting foole, and shallow char

Rat. My gracious soueraigne,
Rideth a puissant Naue. To the sh
Throng many doubtfull hollow-
Vnarmd, and vnresolud to beate
Tisthought that Richmond is the
there they hull, expecting bu

Of Buckingham to welcome the
King. Some light-foote friend

Ratcliffe thy selfe, or Catesby, whe

Cat. Heere my Lord.

King. Flie to the Duke: post th
When thou comest there: dull vn
Why standst thou still, and goest n

Cat. First mightie soueraigne,
What from your grace I shall deli

King. O true, good Catesbie, b
The greatest strength and power h
And meete me presently at Salisbu

Rat. What it is your highnes p

King. Why what wouldst thou

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